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CANADIAN HOSPITAL

NEWS

VOL. 2.

AUGUST 19 1916

No. 6

EDITORIAL

With this number we present to our readers the HOSPITAL NEWS in its new form, saving only the Cover Design, which has not yet been received from the engravers.

The present make-up of the paper will be found more artistic, convenient, larger, and in every way more worthy of the institution it represents: to those who keep the copies as souvenirs of a pleasant chapter of their experiences in the Great War, the increased solidity and permanence of the paper will be most satisfactory.

We look to all—officers and men, staff and patients, to give us their hearty co-operation and help in the matter of suggestions, contributions etc. for it is only by such co-operation that we can realize our ambition, which is to make the HOSPITAL NEWS pre-eminent among publications of its kind.

C. D.

Granville Breezes

Who was the Sergeant who took another sergeant's girl to the reception?

Why don't the guinea-pig give notice?

Wanted.—The name of the humourist who described a pay-parade as a paper raid.

We suggest that all cats, especially Thomas ones, should be masked at night, as their glowing eyes may well form guiding beacons to hostile air-craft.

Who was the Sergeant who poured his tea into his porridge discussing affairs of state?

The Casualty Clearing Station

By Lt-Col. F. S. L. FORD, C.M.G., C.A.M.C., A.D.M.S.

(continued)

At present wherever possible, the medical authorities are arranging clearing stations in groups of three to facilitate the work. This permits of the following routine: One clearing station receives cases for twenty-four hours. The following day these cases are evacuated with the exception of the seriously sick and wounded, unfit for transport. The third is spent in clearing up the station, preparing dressings, etc. The next day the round begins again. This system has been found most satisfactory. In case of heavy casualties, a clearing station takes in until full, when the next in the pool comes into operation and so on.

If there is a large and suitable receiving room, all cases except those requiring extensive operative treatment, are more expeditiously dressed at this point, and this practice obtains at many clearing stations, concentrating, as it does, the personnel and equipment necessary for the work, and keeping the wards free from the dirt and untidiness incidental to it. The Orderly Officer or one permanently detailed for the work ensures that every man has affixed to the coat or clothing, in a conspicuous place, the card giving particulars of the case, without which no case is allowed to leave the receiving room. He also affixes a "tag" with a serial number which becomes the man's serial number in the A and D book. A scratch A.F.A. 36 is kept for all the particulars, and from this the weekly return is made up. He allocates the cases to the different wards. The quartermaster sees that all valuables are taken from the patients and put in bags, properly labeled, and that the kits are properly labeled and stored. When the cases are evacuated, the bag containing the valuables, etc., is returned to the man. The A. and D. officer sees that the "tag" with serial number is collected when the man is put in the ambulance, thus obtaining a perfect check upon all cases sent out. The evacuations are all made by motor ambulance convoy to the ambulance train or garage.

The tour of duty for the staff on "receiving days" and the day following is practically thirty hours. The wisdom of system of rotation above is thus clearly demonstrated, the "off" day giving chance for rest and recuperation. At certain points of the line special stations have been established for the collection of all abdominal cases. During heavy fighting too, the clearing stations have been divided into front and rear line, the former taking lying cases and the latter sitting, thus preventing the front line clearing station from becoming congested, while giving the serious cases the advantages of a "short haul."

Casualty clearing stations during periods of comparative quiet, evacuate about eighty per cent of cases on the day following their

reception. The remainder consist of those unfit for transport and those who will be well in a week. The latter are usually few in number having had to run the gauntlet of the R. M. O., the Field Ambulance and the Divisional Rest Station. In fact with the exception of dental and certain infectious cases, after a man has been sent to a clearing station he is struck off the strength of his unit. This does not apply to clearing station in the rear area, which, getting much lighter cases return more men to duty than those in the front area. The cases unfit for transfer are usually head, chest and abdominal. The chest cases usually are evacuated the fifth or sixth day, the abdominal the sixth or seventh day.

During active operations, the work at clearing stations taxes the staff to the utmost, more than five thousand cases in one week having passed through a single station, and as many as sixteen hundred in one day.

The clearing station has been termed "the pivot upon which the removal of the sick and wounded turns." Perhaps it might be called the keystone of the arch formed by the regimental medical service and the field ambulances; and if this arch is complete and perfect, and is backed up by an adequate ambulance train service, the clearing of the fighting area is assured.

"The Tears of Letitia"

Chapter VIV of the stirring serial.

Letitia swayed to the overmantle and pulled the BELL. "Stay! O'LEARY beauty," cried Archibald, "I BEGGS of you to wait." Let us but set our WILLS ON happiness; come fly with me, leave the parental hearth: I have two NICKELS, sufficient for tea and WHELKS."

The RUSTLE of her petticoats showed her agitation. "WATT, marry a thief who ROBS ON sight WITH ROW on row to follow? Away, false man! Cease your importunate BRAYING, to MAK ME AND my boy live a life of druggery in Hammer SMITH; fickle un-KENNY wretch, do you despise me that I am a BAKER'S daughter? Go, climb your hill of fame: to unCOOP A tiger is safer than to love a ROBBERS SON."

Archibald flopped on the diVAN NOR MANacled her hands. "Pretty, PERT, PEG o' my HEART," said he, "I am no paltry CLERK. Love me, darling, and lend me a bob. "But she sneeringly answered," HOOP Along, old top, to BED, FOR Days are passed when I lend bobs.

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Such was the END 'E GOT!

On Leaving Canada

Farewell to thee, dear Canada, farewell;
As from my view thy wooded seacoast fades,
And old Acadia's headlands disappear
In the grey gloom of evenings gathering shades.

Farewell to thee, dear Canada, farewell :
Land where my feet were won't to tread of late :
Not mine by birth, but by adoption mine :
Radiant with golden hope, majestic, great.

Farewell to thee, yet not without regret
Leave I the country that to me was home ;
For there are friends—the faithful and the tried
Friends, from whose presence I am loth to roam

God bless thy shores, forever may they be
The fair abode of freedom, truth and peace,
Nor ever foeman's devastating hand
Mar thy fair provinces till time shall cease.

Ple J Abbott.

A Ward Episode.

Even as it approached I had a premonition that all was not well with it, and my heart went out as it ever does to the sick or afflicted. There was an unhealthy pallor on its surface, and my caressing fingers told me of a high temperature. I tapped it gently with a spoon—it coughed helplessly. I lifted away a portion of the outer covering, bringing to view its palpitating interior, of sickly hue and it obvious distress.

Sad, sad end to a career at one time so full of promise! My fancy took me back to a quaint old farmyard—to a fond feathery mother clucking to the world the attainment of her life-ambition—to it lying there in a soot nest, full of the warm anticipation of a short, useful existence. I pictured its enthusiasm gradually cooling under a freezing neglect—the insidious change from healthy hopefulness to mortified bitterness. What more cruel fate than destiny unachieved, or achieved, alas! too late!

I looked once again: it had stiffened and shrivelled and felt cold to my touch. I beckoned to an Orderly—he bore it reverently away—I shed a tear—and turned to my bread and butter with a sigh.

KRITICOS.

Correspondence

To the Editor,

Sir:—Re our conversation the other morning, and your request that I would obtain some fashion notes for your enterprising literary phenomén, I visited the Sergeant Mess, Enquiry Office, and the Sanctum Sanctorum of the Y. M. C. A. management, and append herewith the results.

yours, etc., H. S. S.

P. S.—Do you pay your contributors per word, column, or square yard?

Tailor made tunics of buff-colored drill are very fashionable just now and when worn in conjunction with leggings, give at a distance of twenty-five yards, quite an Officers effect; tucks two inches wide in the brest pockets and double hem-stitched raised seams add the "Dont-give-a-dam-if-its-nows-bombs" air so much admired by the Ramsgate belles. (the what? Ed.) This may be procured for about thirty-five shillings and is recommended to all above the rank of Corporal, especially if the rank is acting.

The rolled collar effect so much in evidence with "blues" should really be white on a blue ground, though blue on a white ground is preferred by some of the "Jeunesse d'Or", whilst of course for promenade wear the really smart thing is to have the usual red neckerchief round the waist, where it is more easily get-at-able for conversion into a dog lead. Many delightful shades of blue are at present on the market, varying from the rich ultramarine to art tones of washed purple and crushed quince.

The leather strappings on riding breeches should be always rubbed down with sandpaper and coconut oil, two treatments usually being sufficient to produce the correct Cavalry touch. Spurs (worn with the points up), a crop, and a few remarks about "Exercising my mare Old Top" completing the hallucination to satisfaction. This tout ensemble is highly recommended to C.A.M. C. orderlies on leave.

Hats of a soft variety, worn to cover the left or right ear according to taste, have been seen on a number of the elite and are greatly favoured by the ultra smart Motor Transport; when used with a tight reefer jacket, cut to just cover the—that is, to come just below the hip, you are quite likely to be taken for a member of the Royal Flying Corps and so "Gain extra glory in Dulcinea's eyes."

The wearing of one gold stripe is really shocking bad taste; they should be in pairs on both arms so as not to disturb the symmetry of the costume.

The Patriot

By kind permission of the writer, a local gentleman.

Often have I thought of the Patriot. Often he has come into his own again; and, in the days that are coming, I trust there will be a place for him. In my memory of many broken men he stands out conspicuously clear. He moved, when I met him, slowly and fearfully as a man who expects a fall. He wore no bandages, but his presence was appalling.—his face at times haunts me with its patient but palpable expectancy. His story (he was one of the Pats) was told to me with a sympathetic manner, but with also a dramatic effect that carried me away. Instead of the the wind-swept promenade I was within sound of the guns; squeezing the soft grease of the ground; mingling with men who had watched death and desolation; and who had their being amid scenes of desolation and ruin. As I listened his real name faded away and he became "the Patriot," and by that name I alway think of him. He was one of many. One of the men whose patriotism rang out a clarion note of comfort in the early days of the war. He came—one of the virile types of Colonial Manhood—to emphasise the solaridity of Empire. He was a patriot.

All of the happenings to the "Pats" would want much telling. The Patriot himself might still have been with them but for one German and one happening for which I must find space. There came a day when, by the ordering of fate, the Patriot was face to face with this ONE German—when he came up against a new emotion. The German was very young, and he threw his rifle down, saying in effect "Me boy, me no fight", the Patriot succumbed to the emotion, and marched his prisoner back to an old shed. The easy attitudes of his comrades at arms proclaimed it a rest-house. They turned as the Patriot came in after his prisoner and leaned his rifle behind the door. One fellow enquired what—

* * * * *

The Patriot opened his eyes to the uniformity of a hospital ward. He tried to pick something out of the obscurity of his mind, but failed. He lay feebly counting the long windows. One-two-three one-two-three. A sister appeared from nowhere at his bedside. "And so you are awake"? she asked, with a curious look at the awakened one. And after a time, during which she stroked the coverlet and said soothing things to cover her inspection, she added, "Do you know how long you have been asleep"? The Patriot lacked the strength to guess the riddle.

The Sister saved him the trouble. "Eight days", she added, in the tone of the woman who watches professionally by the sick-bed

—quietly and evenly, without suggesting a crisis or climax.

* * * * *

Later he was told his story, which was forwarded along the wonderfully organized lines of communication that stand to the credit of the Red Cross. When the Patriot entered the rest-house with his prisoner he stood his rifle down by the door and turned to the enquiry of the man who spoke, "In a flash the German reached out and swung the rifle over with a crash onto the Patriot's head, and was out through the open door. When I heard this part of the story I eagerly asked, "Did he get away"? The reply came back grimly, "No—but—HE'S GONE!"

I have missed the Patriot from the promenade of late. I hope he has come into his own again—the strenuous manhood which he brought across the seas in response to the call of the Motherland.

A Few Don'ts For Granvillains

DON'T.—think that you are the only patient in the hospital.

—think, because you get up in the wee hours, that it is necessary to waken everybody else.

—leave your seat at a concert during a number—you might be singing yourself someday.

—whistle through your teeth to applaud. The artists are not usually deaf, and it sounds like the deuce.

—tell everybody your troubles—they've usually got some of their own.

—annoy your fellow patients with your grumbles—use the complaint-box.

—forget that "a certain number of fleas are good for a dog: they keep him from thinking about being a dog."

—forget that the other fellow has a right to his opinion.

—forget that it takes patience as well as patients to make a good M. O.

—forget that the shooting gallery is open from 9 to 12, and from 6 to 9.

WANTED—A poem or article on "That" or "The locked bathroom door".

Answers to Correspondents

PHYSO FUNGOID—All enquiries re variety. "CHARLY CHAPLINI VULGARIS" referred to in our last issue will no doubt be gladly answered by a Toronto gentleman residing in ward 70.

ANXIOUS :—The following prescription, which can be obtained in the Pathological Department, may prove useful if applied regularly 3 times a day :

1 gill Mother Seigell's Syrup. 1 gill Codmical. $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. black pepper. $\frac{1}{2}$ gill spirits of salts.

If this proves ineffectual in 6 months, try Mellins Trè's Moutarde : FUNGUS ELANDI should only be worn by Military Policemen: it is usually considered bad form for a Private.

Sports and Entertainments

FOOTBALL. The Granville team meet the Shorncliffe Military Hospital, last Saturday on the Chatham House ground, and added to their laurels by securing a 2 to 1 victory over their opponents. The match was a close and interesting one, and despite the hot weather some fast, skilful play was witnessed.

The "Amateur Night" on Wednesday produced some excellent talent and a great deal of fun. In addition to the competitions the audience were privileged to listen to Miss Cole, of Vancouver, whose sweet soprano was keenly enjoyed by the boys; Capt. Robertson, who gave "Songs of Araby" and other splendid numbers; and Corp. Beech, an accomplished elocutionist, whose "Lonely Batchelor" was a superb character study.

The different classes were judged by Sisters, who awarded prizes as follows :—Instrumental: Pte Shrimp, Corp. Aspinwell. Humorous Sgt. Orsborne. Sentimental: Pte. Gregory, Sgt. Stevens, Pte. Murdock.

"SOLOMON AT THE GRANVILLE."

An unique musical treat was provided for the Granvillians on Thursday afternoon, when Solomon, the famous boy virtuoso, came along and played selections from his repertoire. This youthful genius played before His Majesty the King when only eight years of age; he has now seen only thirteen summers, yet his rendering of the most brilliantly difficult music is flawless. Among other works he played the Hungarian Fantasin (Lizt) Papillion (Schumann) and Gavotte (Evers.) During the recital several songs were given by Miss. Cole, the Vancouver Soprano.

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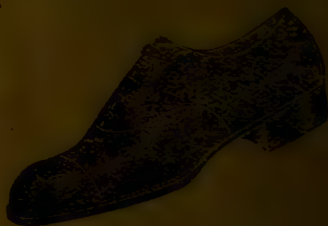
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CANADIAN HOSPITAL

NEWS

VOL. 2.

SEPTEMBER, 9 1916

No. 9

EDITORIAL

Centuries ago the world of progress lay asleeping. For years and years all Europe was ravaged by wars and conflicts; men were born to battle; women to suffering and desolation. Old men were few and hard to find, because where fighting left off, pestilence stepped in and exacted its sweeping toll. Then, like a Spring flower pushing its way through the hard black frost of Winter, came the Renaissance, the re-birth of mind that brought forth Art, Literature, and Science from the womb of ignorance and feudalism. Man found again his power, his brains, his culture, and they thrived amazing in the blood-soaked soil.

And now, after many years all Europe is again a battle-ground. Once more the foremost thought in man's mind is the annihilation of his fellow. Again is heard the shout of man in combat and the wail of woman in bereavement. Dark days, comrades, dark days!

But out of the welter of savagery will arise another Renaissance—you may be absolutely certain of that. From the blood and bones of countless dead will spring the flowers of Progress, Liberty, Art and Love—and they will be the better and finer for their cutting back and pruning. Let us look forward to The Day—when Peace shall be restored to our lands, and the Soul of Mankind shall blossom forth and flourish as never before.

C. H. D.

Crop reports from all over Canada speak of bumper yields. The harvest is well under way, and things look very bright for the Dominion. The Banks show a two million dollar increase in savings deposits over last year.

The DUG OUT.

Oh! The little, little dug-out that we built at Fleurbaix,
 And tried to make like home with touches deft.
 We dug and walled and roofed it in the course of half a day
 And learned to almost love it e'er we left.

Five by six of floor-space,—and none too dry at that.
 Corrugated iron overhead.

Walls of slimy sand-bags, broken bricks to form a mat,
 A wisp or two of straw—by way of bed.

Telling old stories again and again.—
 Laughing at somebody's jest.—
 Whimpering softly in deadly pain.—
 Luxuriating in rest.—

Silently mourning a fallen chum.—
 Gulping through letters from home.—
 Shouting on extra issues of rum.—
 Watching the starlit dome.—

Painfully scrawling by candle-light.—
 A message of cheer to Her.—
 Sleeping, exhausted, after the fight —
 Dreaming of things that were.—

Puffing away at an ancient briar.—
 Winning in words the war.—
 Boiling up tea on a charcoal fire...
 Yearning for friends afar.—

Oh! The little little dug-out that we built at Fleurbaix
 And made a second home with touches deft.
 We tasted there the comradeship the war brings into play
 And learned to almost love it e'er we left.

KRITICOS.

SCENE—Ward. I OCCASION—C. O's inspection.

C. O.—“Sergeant, this man says he has'nt had an egg for a week—
 why is this?”

Sergeant-in-charge—“Well, Sir, it's to cut down eggs-pense.”

Electricity

You want to see the Nerve Lesion room, Sir? Just slip this way. Here you are, Sir. What do we give them? Oh, Galvanism, Faradism, Methodism, Socialism, and anything else that is on the market. Do the men like it? Well, I should just say they do, Sir. They would sooner go without their meals than miss their treatment, and some of them try to get in twice.

Results? Just look here, Sir. Here's a case of facial paralysis. When this man first came in, his mouth was away behind his ear, in fact, Sir, he had to sit with his back to the dining table in order to get his mouth near his food. Well, Sir, after four treatments his face was nearly straight; and in two weeks he could whistle like a canary.

Look at this man, Sir. When he came here his arm was amputated just below the elbow. After a month's treatment he had grown three inches of wrist, and three months later his whole hand had returned.

Would you like to see a leg case, Sir? Here's one. This man was shot through the leg nerve, on the main sciatic-popliteal ulnar branch of the brachial plexus, causing a state of partial paralysis, commonly known as "drop foot." We had only been treating him for a month and a half, when we had to hang weights on to his foot to keep it from coming up too far.

Yes, Sir, electrical treatment is just in its infancy. You should come back in six month's time and you will be astonished.

Good day, Sir. The Turkish Baths are the third door on the left.

Sergt. B.

Dickens Titles

"Oliver Twist" had some "Hard Times" in the "Battle of Life" and had just been rescued from the "Wreck of the Golden Mary" by "Our Mutual Friend," Martin Chuzzlewit," who had been reading "A Tale of Two Cities," by "Nicholas Nickleby," whilst "The Chimes" of "Master Humphrey's Clock" played forth a melodious air. Just then "Barnaby Rudge" entered from the "The Old Curiosity Shop" with some "Pictures from Italy" and "Sketches by Boz," to amuse "Little Dorrit," who had been very busy sorting out "Pickwick Papers" whilst "The Cricket on the Hearth" chirped merrily. At this juncture, "David Copperfield" entered and announced to the company that the "Great Expectations" of "Dombey & Son" had not yet been realized; but that he had seen an "Uncommercial Traveller" carrying "Somebody's Luggage" to "Bleak House" in "No Thoroughfare," where a "Haunted Man" was brooding over the mystery of 'Edwin Drood.'

W. G. Mullarky, 58th Canadians.

A Famous Patient.

At the Granville suffering from a damaged arm is Pte. Jack Munroe; miner, prospector, all-round athlete, and one time contestant for the heavy-weight boxing championship of the world.

Jack started out in life as a footballer, being a member of the Butte (Montana) team which licked half the big teams west of Chicago. Going to San Francisco he went in for putting the shot, throwing the hammer, etc., winning many contests, and finally came in contact with Jack O'Brien who gave him his entry to the boxing ring, of which he soon became the American amateur champion. After winning several contests Jack went prospecting, staking some useful claims in Idaho, but the spell of the ring was on him, and he came back to meet Jim Jeffries, winning a purse offered to anybody who could last four rounds with the redoubtable champion. Jack succeeded in knocking him down in a record at that time.



Contests followed with Tom Sharkey, Al. Limerick, Peter Maher and others, all of which Jack Munroe won. Then came a fight with Jack Johnson, the negro, heavy-weight champion (6 rounds) then a return match with Jeffries, which Jack unfortunately lost.

He joined the Princess Pat's when war broke out, and was with them until a bursting shell sent him to Blighty.

The Gentleman on the Cover.

Yes! I too thought that. Of course, said I, a gallant Canadian recuperating from his wounds at Ramsgate; proof enough of the solidarity of Empire: and how lifelike, how true, gazing on the wide expanse of tossing waves, watching the dreadnoughts negotiating the harbour, the flying clouds, contented in the thought of duty nobly done. Then I had another look at the gentleman, and suddenly the incongruity of my deductions struck me: a Canadian at Ramsgate and I broke into prolonged and loud laughter. The gentleman is positively **FAT!!!** Which is absurd.

I must recast a German General staying at Donnington Hall, and this of course, would account for the individual's perfect condition, but here is another difficulty, for we have ample proof that this nation

of hymn singers prefer gazing on still water to tossing wavelets: Another hypothesis shattered. You can understand that by this time I was getting desperate, I wanted to know **who** the fellow was, he annoyed me; his calm indifference to his surroundings caused a strong desire within me to kick him and wake him up. What right has he to sit in stolid indifference on a Chippendale sette playing idly with a rattan cane, whilst I, with the sweat of my pen write articles for the benefit of Kriticos, and to the gloryfication of Dulcinea. This, I said must be settled by careful analysis: to start with, is the scene English? Where, if so, are the poms and t. . . . Where the flaps, flappers, and flapperettes? Where the myriad gleaners of cigarette cards? Besides, the sun is shining!! Reductio ad absurdum, I murmured, and broke into tears. Since then I have lain awake o' nights thinking over the problem; I have discussed it with my friends of both sexes, I have searched the library and asked the Adjutant, the Police know nothing (don't take this the wrong way) and Dulcinea is busy with the summer sales; and yet I want to know more than ever. Will somebody write and tell me who and what the gentleman on the cover is, please?

H. S. S.

The Soldiers Commandments.

1—Thou shalt not send any likeness of any airship in the heavens above, nor any trenches in the earth beneath, nor any submarine in the waters under the earth. For I, Censor, am a jealous censor, visiting the sins of the offender with 6 days C.B., but show mercy unto thousands of them that fear me, by letting green envelopes pass uncensored.

2—Remember the Sabbath, and keep it holy. In it, thou shalt attend Church Parade, and do any manner of work, also thy comrade, thy sergeant, and thy C.O.

3—Honor thy C.O. and keep thy rifle well oiled, that thy days may be long in the land that thine enemy giveth thee.

4—Thou shalt not steal thy neighbours rations, or thy corporals gun rag. Anything else is lawful loot.

5—Thou shalt not adulterate thy tea with any substitute for milk.

6—Thou shalt not covet thy Corporal's job, nor his German helmet, nor his boots, nor his girl, nor anything that is his.

Zepps. and How to Catch 'em.

(According to a Recreation Room Specialist)

"Yes," said the Oracle, as he lit a cigarette and addressed the company at large; "Yes, we're all tickled to death to hear how they fetched down that dogoned Zepp.; but why in Christopher didn't they get 'em all—that's what I want to know! Same old trouble I suppose, no brains! Listen here, fellers, and I'll give you a line on a few schemes fer catching 'em; tell the War Office? nothing doing!—they'd never understand nohow!

My first scheme is to get a bunch of eagles and train 'em ter fly up and scratch the Dickens out of the skin of the Zepp.—or it would be quite easy ter train 'em ter carry a bomb or two up and drop 'em gently where they'd do most good.

Then again, why not arrange a scheme for manufacturing thunder-storms on the wireless principle that would bust up their motors and smash 'em up generally. Or have a gun that would throw a rope and lasso the sons-er-guns, then we could haul 'em down with a windlass and use 'em ourselves. Yet again, hev a set of magnets strong enough ter pull 'em down without any trouble. Another idea of mine is ter hev a big explosion, down in Australia somewhere, so that the recoil would make the earth jump up and hit the darned old wind-tanks; that would fix 'em alright!

Simpler still, revive the old idea of sky-hooks and get a line on 'em that way. Another pet idea of mine is to have aerial mines—balloons floating in the air channels filled with poison gas—waiting for 'em.

But there, what's the use of talking and using one's brains! this narrow-minded, old-fashioned country won't adopt a fellow's schemes anyway! They're always behind the times!!

Kriticos.

ADVERTISING—As it used to be.

We stumbled across the following advertisement on a recent trip to Canterbury. It is typical of England a hundred years ago, and forms an interesting comparison with modern advertising methods:

CANTERBURY AND FOLKESTONE STAGE COACH.

"All that are desirous to pass from Canterbury to Folkestone, or from Folkestone to Canterbury, or any other place on that road: let them repair to the Rose Hotel in Canterbury and to the Swan Hotel in Folkestone, at both which places they may be received in a Stage-coach every day, which performs the whole journey there and back in a day (if God permits) and sets forth at eight in the morning. Allowing each person fourteen pounds weight, and all above three pence a pound."

The Chaplain's Corner

This week I want to express my satisfaction with the Choirs of the Granville and Chatham House, in their response to my request for assistance. On Sunday last the Services were particularly heartily, owing in large measure to those who led the singing. I have only this to say to the men who helped me last Sunday, "carry on"—keep up the good work. Let me see twenty-five men on the platform of the Granville next Sunday, and at least twelve in the choir seats of the Chatham House Chapel.

Remember the Communion Services next Sunday on the stage of the Granville Recreation Hall at 9.15 a.m. and immediately after the Service in the Chatham House Chapel. The Communion Service lasts only 20 minutes. We have nothing to do with Denominational Differences. Every man is invited to come, and I earnestly hope to have large numbers to meet with me on Sunday at that Service especially intended to help us to be stronger and better men.

Your affectionate Padre,

E. B. Hooper, C.F.

Granville Breezes

What's "The Last of the Granville Minstrels" looking so blue about?

G.B.S. writes:—We are but little soldiers week,
We only get five bob a week,
The more we work the more we may,
It makes no difference to our pay.

What is the staff of life? Bread
What is the life of the staff? . . . Bread also—along loaf?

Who is the Sergeant, that got out of breath running after the cripples at Chatham House.

Sergeant (to one of the delinquents up for Orderly Room recently)
"What are you—major or minor."

Repentant One: "Neither, yer——fool, I'm an invalid."

Hundreds of settlers and train loads of effects are pouring into Clairmont and Grande Prairie, in the Peace River Country. One Clairmont farmer recently marketed over 60,000 bushels of grain.

Sports and Entertainments

Last Thursday the Machine Gun Section of the 86th Batt. came over from Shorncliffe and engaged the Granvillians in a baseball game, beating us by 10 runs to 2. Afterwards the guests adjourned to the Recreation Room and provided a slap-up concert under the direction of Capt. Smith. The programme included an exhibition boxing bout between two well-known heavy-weights, and "Charlie Chaplin's Ghost," full of the drolleries of the original "Charlie" and with the art of contortionism thrown in. Some excellent song and duet numbers were rendered, and our best thanks are due to our friends at Shorncliffe.

We are all very glad to see our genial friend Capt. Peguenat back again, but are sorry to hear that he is liable to go away on a two months tour shortly. Can't he manage to catch cold or something?

A goodly programme of amusements has been arranged for next week. Tomorrow (Saturday) our Football team meets the Shorncliffe Military Hospital at Chatham House. Monday evening, the Dover Concert Party entertains in the Recreation Room. Tuesday evening, Jury's Imperial Pictures. Friday next the Choir of the Stoner Camp Royal Engineers are coming, when we may expect some really fine music.

Capt Wilson, who presided over the recreation room in Capt. Peguenat's absence, has left us for Cæsar's Camp. He proved himself a fine fellow in his stay at the Granville, and we all wish him the best of good wishes.

Granville Breezes

What did the man, who told the thrilling story of his ring having been cut off his finger, think when he found it in his locker?

Have you heard the daily concert in the basement?

Alberta harvesting operations are in full progress under ideal weather conditions. The crop in the second largest in the history of the Province, and the yield averages out about 35 bushels to the acre.

Who was the Corporal who was looking up for Zepps on Sunday and saw a bomb coming down. If he has stopped running and got back we would like to inform him that it was only a friendly soap box from an upper story!

The publishers of this paper are indebted to The Canadian Red Cross Society for the type, press, etc., used in printing, and to the services of the patients in composing, setting, and issuing the paper.

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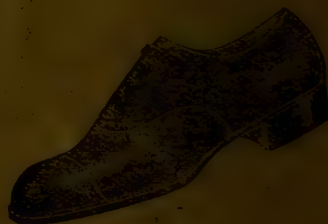
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CANADIAN HOSPITAL NEWS

VOL. 2.

SEPTEMBER, 10 1916

No. 10

VALEDICTORY

It is with a feeling of sadness that I pen these lines—the last I write in the capacity of News Editor of this our Hospital Paper.

Viewed in retrospect, my six months of patient-life in the Granville have been very pleasant, and I am really sorry to leave. I often hear fellows criticizing the place adversely—it's apt to become a habit in the army—but I fancy most of you will feel as I do when the time comes to go away—feel that you are parting from fine fellows and a comfortable atmosphere.

I hope the sallies I have made at men, departments, and the hospital generally, have always been taken in the spirit of pure fun which prompted them; for I shouldn't like to feel I had left a single sting behind. To the Officers and comrades who have helped me with contributions and suggestions I extend my grateful thanks, while I ask them to continue to help my successor, whoever he may be, in the same way. In years to come many of you will regard these copies as souvenirs of a phase of your war experiences; now is your opportunity to make them the more interesting in that they include something from your own pen.

I feel deeply sensible of the kindly courtesy I have met on every hand at the Granville, and shall carry the memories of the men who gave it wherever I may go. And so, Au revoir!

Pte. C. H. Dodwell.

(Kriticos, C.H.D., Blue Armlet.)

Why He Fainted.

Pte. K. was just coming round after his operation, and the fumes of ether were still heavy upon him. As he laid in bed he heard the men on either side discussing their own operations, which had been performed some time previously.

"Do you know," said the first, when they operated on me first they left a pair of forceps inside, and had to operate again to get them out."

"That's strange," said number two, "because I had a sponge left inside me, and they had to have another go to recover it."

Pte. K. trembled and sweated. At that moment the Surgeon looked into the ward and said, "Has anybody seen my hat?" That finished him.

Then The Word—Now The Deed.

Memory of student days in Germany is keenly vivid in these days when that which was then merely the word has become the deed. Then were there boastings of dire things for all who should dare to impede the development and progress of *Deutsche Kultur*. And now—but then my story would not be told.

In June 1909 I disembarked at Leipzig with but a reading acquaintance of German, and a fund of curiosity to learn, which in itself was compensating. After various hair-breadth experiences of a tongue tied variety (for I spoke not the lingo as yet) I found myself most comfortably ensconced in a students "pension" in the Studentviertel, where none spoke English. Mine host, a portly old retired Saxon beerbrewer, and his equally rotund frau, received me most kindly, and for the next year and a half I had many occasions to be grateful to them for many courtesies.

Then, an Amerikaner was most welcome and little if any distinction was drawn between Canadian and American; all were simply Amerikaner. The Engländer fared otherwise—for there was even then the instinctive dislike of one who represented his race. The French, Russian, and other students were tolerated in good form.

For a long time I was the only "Ausländer" in our pension; so that under the stress of need I acquired a generous knowledge of the language in a comparatively short time. Many evenings were spent at the hospitable fireside of mine host, who had a thirst and a genius for imparting information on any subject from hops to "high life." He had hit some high spots himself in days gone by, so he told me, poor chap! Once he had been monarch of a "bierbrauerei" (proud fellow), but the bottom fell out!!

And once he had been chosen "folks-vorsteller"—the people's representative to vote for the man who ultimately might sit in the Reichstag. Imagine the honour of that! Yet this likewise lost it's bottom. Now he was the sole possessor of dreams.

My German improved apace, and soon I found myself entangled in the thrust and cut of good natured banter that passes over the students' table. We were often sixteen together—men from all parts of Germany, studying in various departments—the law, medicine, chemistry, engineering, agriculture, etc. Some were in uniform, the privileged "einjähriger" who is able to pay his military expenses and so escapes with but one year of service. Others had already served and it was easy to identify them by the mark of the machine we now know.

"Ach! the Zeppelin!! Imagine a whole fleet of them over London!" and the face of Skideebump beamed in contemplation thereof. "Donnerwetter, that would be some sight!" added young Noodlepicle with an upward caress of his very young moustache. Such was often the topic of talk over coffee and cigarettes.

"When the day comes" said old Kraut, who now was a reserve Officer, "we shall send over five hundred; enough to carry over an army corps. No need to land—unless we run short of bier—for our bombs will do quick work. Then of course we will land an army corps simply as an army of occupation."

And they believed it—every one of them. Had it not been most carefully calculated that one Zeppelin could carry a company of infantry or a half battery of field artillery, etc, etc.?

When one hears now the ominous hum of big motors over head at night, it is not strange that the memory of these vivid student days should be stirred strangely, for often these self-same Zepps. (some of them at least) came cruising over Leipzig by day—flying so low that the occupants of the gondolas were visible.

During the last English elections all will remember that it seemed highly probable a Unionist government would be installed to carry out their platform of a tariff-wall against the influx of foreign manufactures. Deep and bitter was the tone of German newspapers in contemplation of this wall. One prominent Leipzig newspaper in substance said "should an English government raise a tariff wall against German goods we shall, probably find it necessary to shatter that wall with the sword."

Shortly afterwards I stood in the Augustusplatz watching a huge Zeppelin pass over, and it did seem serious. Presently I found myself gazing into the shop window of a butchers, where the national beast was displayed in every form—hams, bacons, and a whole motley crew of sausage—schlachtwurst, leberwurst, blutwurst, etc.

A little chap was standing nearby while his mother surveyed the appetizing display. "But mutter," said the small one "isn't it funny that such a nasty animal as a pig has such delicious hips!"

The Zepp. soared viciously above, but I felt better after that. Eh! what!

R. S. V. P.

Photographic Department

The Photographic Department of the Graunville deserves a word or two in our columns. A great amount of very important work is being done in the photographing of interesting and unusual cases for records and for illustrating lectures.

Ordinary pictures, lantern slides, enlargements, reductions and reproductions of X-ray plates, in monochrome and colours, are being turned out in large quantities, and Pte. Sauvage, who is in charge of the Dept., is to be congratulated on the excellence of the results.

A New Version of an Old Song.

Night ! and the boys out wiring

Night ! by a lone old tree

Here I am lying, watching

Flat in the mud for thee.

Night ! and I wiggle onward,

(Smart little soldier me,)

Hun-ny, I'm waiting, waiting

Watching for thee.

Night ! and I'm nearly freezing

Night ! and the wind's up me

Oh, if you come, come quickly

Hun-ny I long for thee,

Night ! do I hear you moving

Hun-ny I'll scrag you right

My—but I'll get your number

Soon as you come in sight.

Night ! and my sinews straining

Night ! will you never come ?

Hic, but my throat's just tickling

Lord ! I must cough —or run.

Night, ah ! you never saw me

But you can feel my Colt

Pressing into my fifth rib

Oh—it's too late to bolt !

Night ! and I feel you shaking ;

Hun-ny, the drop's on you

Quickly I lead you homewards ;

Fritz—but you're looking blue !

Night ! and the boys are scrambling

For souvenirs off you,

Hun-ny I'll say good morning

For my night's work is through.

Correspondence

TO THE EDITOR.—Wandering along West Cliff on a certain boisterous evening recently, in the company of—(No! Not Dulcinea) I suddenly remembered your request for an article on Poetry. All the great poets, from Kriticos down, have their own individual methods of writing, yet to all the primary necessity of course is Inspiration, before any attempt may be made to write verse proper. Perhaps I had best illustrate this; take as example the above mentioned Breeze. here we have inspiration; next we search our intellect for a rhyme for this and let us say we select knees,

Now we have—Breeze,
Knees.

We proceed to embellish, decorate, and adorn as follows,

Icy breeze
I see knees,

You observe Sir here is the germ of our poem, in fact we already have a perfect monometre couplet.

From this, with a little thought and a dictionary, we may produce anything from blank verse to sonnets. but let us, for the sake of argument decide on an octosyllabic quatrain, when we have—

My hat I seize before it flees;
Before the high seas icy breeze,
That easily freezes; then to please
Her waist I squeeze whilst she agrees
The breeze annoys when I see knees.

This we dedicate "To My Neice" (I hav'nt one—but that's a detail) when behold—Poetry; My dear Sir, Poetry!

H. S. S.

"Say, professor, do you believe in love making the world go round?"

"No, no my dear boy. The earth first gained its rotary motion when sent off from the sun in a nebulous form, its centrifugal force being counteracted to a certain extent by the superior attractions of the solar body from which it originally emanated. Ahem!"

"Quite simple my boy; the sun sort of gets silly in his solar plexus; things start going round—and all of a sudden he heaves off a centrifugal bunch of hot air called "nebula" (a sillias word meaning frog-in-your-throat.) Therefore, dear boy, our dear old world does and will go round, because it is simply a piece of the suns solar plexus."

The Hero

The girl was sitting upon a seat comtemplatively regarding the horizon. The soldier approached a little nearer; for some time unbroken silence reigned, the bashful Tommy sucking greedily upon a wild-woodbine whilst his fair companion gazed—and gazed, and still gazed away over the silvery waves.

At length the Bashful Tommy broke the silence. "Well" he exclaimed, throwing the now finished cig. away, and assuming an air of supercilious indifference, "this is a lovely day for crab fishing!" "Do you ever go crab fishing?"

G. "Sometimes."

B T. "I have not been down on the sands since I came home, but what a fine place it is!"

G. "Have you been wounded?"

B. T. "M'm, yes! twice."

G. "Poor boy, are you getting better now?"

B T. "Oh yes."

G. "Come tell me all about it, where were you wounded?"

B T. "Oh, in the appendix."

G. "No, but where in France?"

B T. "In Belgium it was, in the appendix."

G. "Oh dear, how dreadful! Are your folks in England?"

B T. "Oh no, they are in Canada. You see it was like this, we were making a charge when two big Germans got at me. I hit the one nearest; (he with the big fat periscope face) and bayoneted the other. I had two bombs in one hand, and without even pausing to withdraw the pins I threw the bombs and killed the other fellow."

G. "But you bayoneted one and knocked out the other. Yes, it was awful."

B T. "Another day I was having a wash in a shell hole, and saw two sausage shifters approaching cautiously. I really do believe it was the same two. Without even pausing to clean my teeth, I up at them like a whiz-bang—kill 'em? why sure! Hullo! its 5.30, I must away down town for tea; see you again. Good-bye dear."

G. "Good-bye."

* * * * *

"Well I declare! Hullo Mabel! Who would have thought of seeing you here? Oh, I was speaking to that soldier chap just gone down."

"You were speaking to the fat man, eh! Lucky devil, he won't go to the firing line! Got a staff job in the Pay and Record Office, and down here on pass from London. Shall we go for tea May?"

"M'm yes."

PEACE.

“ Sweet Dove of Peace return !

The voice of Love rings through the trembling air,
And bids you come, but your soft tender eyes
Are turned towards a scene more brightly fair,
The hush of happy homes broods gently there,
A smiling land of sin before you lies.

“ Sweet Dove of Peace, return !”

The War-fiend gives commanding word “ Begin !”
An iron fire-god lifts his powerful voice
And thunders to the votaries of sin
In tones that echo through the ghastly din :
“ The reign of Love is o’er, let us rejoice !”

“ Sweet Dove of Peace, return !”

From starving towns is raised a dying wail ;
Force seeks to bend the proudest city’s head,
The fire-god leaves behind a crimson trail
Where sisters, mothers, wives and children frail
Are weeping, left to mourn their soldier dead.

“ Sweet Dove of Peace, return !”

A sick’ning crash,—a scream of burshing shell
And God’s own house has fallen in the dust.
The War-fiend chuckled as its glories fell
For what recks he of Blessed Heaven—or Hell ?
A heathen foe would satisfy his lust !

“ Sweet Dove of Peace, return !”

Still on the ruins bruised Love can stand ;
She presses to her breast a lonely child
And gently holds a starving woman’s hand :
“ For their dear sakes will you not understand
And let Creation’s hopes go undefiled ?

Sweet Dove of Peace, return !”

*D. L. W.
Chatham House.*

Sports and Entertainments

On Friday last, the Granvillians were once again privileged to listen to Mr. F. Bacon, the Yorkshire Nightingale, in a repertoire of song and story. His originality and versatility are remarkable; he held his audience enthusiastic for over two hours.

Mr. Haverley ably lectured on Sunday evening—giving the story of Ben Hur to a set of lantern slides. Mrs. Maxwell, of Queen's Hall, and Capt. Peguenat gave vocal solos.

Our Footballers met and defeated the Shorncliffe Military Hospital after a good game. Score 2—nil.

Wednesday afternoon the Palace Revue Company gave the boys an enjoyable time with the revue "It's Funny." The hall was crowded, and the applause unstinted.

Granville Breezes

How did the Kilted Sergeant get the penny from the lady?

Who was the soldier that gave the young lady turnips for tomatoes.

If three little kittens wash their mittens they can have some pie,
But they must not skim the cream off the milk.

In accordance with G.O.C. Orders the "C.M.P." armlet has been replaced by the "R.P." armlet to the Hospital Police and one of our Sherlock Holmes of the Market Place was overheard saying, "Well it is better to wear an R.P. than an R.I.P." We suppose he should know.

A 1st Batt. man met one of the 199th Canadians the other day and the following conversation ensued.

(1st Batt. man) "What's the idea, mate!"

(199th Batt. man) "What d'you mean?"

(1st Batt. man) "Why wearing you reg'mental number plastered all over your tunic."

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RAMSGATE, KENT.



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CANADIAN HOSPITAL

NEWS

VOL. III

OCTOBER 21, 1916

NO. 1

A Soldier's Wish

Oh ! to be a sailor on the sea !

Oh ! to be as blithe and gay as he !

And oh ! to be as happy,

When the waves are cross and snappy,

He walks the deck and whistles merrily.

Oh ! to be the skipper on the bridge,

He winks his eye and counts it privilege

To toss upon the billow,

While I upon my pillow——

Let's draw the veil, this story please abridge.

O. C. J. W.

EDITORIAL

Isn't it all too true that we are prone to look upon the work of the other fellow and his position in life as much better and grander than our own ? That way lies unhappiness, often spelled with a huge capital. For happiness consists in being in perfect harmony with one's surroundings. There is great reason to emphasize the thought that we must not seek to get to do the thing one likes, but to like the thing one has to do. Thus the soldier who wishes he were a sailor finds that there are disappointments and discouragements, ay ! and death, too, upon the ocean wave as well as upon the field and in the trench and dug-out. In these days when our dear boys have voluntarily given up the comforts of home and their life work across the sea in Canada to do their bit in the service of the Empire we must remember to live each day as it comes, harmonious with the duty that lies to our hand. We cannot live in the past. We dare not live in the future, not knowing what destiny may strike for us. But we can live in the Now, contented and happy with Duty well performed. We are living in a grand and awful time. Each one has his place in the battle line. However humble, our work is necessary. Let us be happy.

First Impressions of a New Blue.

Dear Chas:—

"One more trip in a Red Cross lorry," I muttered, as the dozen of us lurched out of the train, and piled, bag, great coat and crutches, into the palpitating motor van that presently honked out of the station, slipped down some macadamised dips, and grunted up the corresponding rises, until it suddenly came to a stop, apparently "all in," and the driver called back, "all out!"

We weren't feeling so comfortable that we wanted to remain there with our knees interlocked, and our canes and crutches forming very palpable lines of protusion, obtrusion and intrusion. Besides we were superlatively hungry. So we wearily disentangled what Fritz and the doctors had spared of our respective anatomies, and cautiously made the descent to the pavement.

A whiff of salt air smote me in the nostrils, as I picked up my kit bag for the two dozenth time that day. And there, right in front, were the Straits with all their memories of Shorncliffe, Boulogne, and Hospital ship. "One more stage nearer the front," I sighed resignedly as I followed the party through a very unimposing brick doorway.

I caught a glimpse in the office of blue shoulder-straps, and Charley Chaplin badges, a whiff of boiled onions, as the rear door opened, and a rattle of military typewriters. Ah! What wouldn't I give to see the white shirt-waist, the elaborate coiffure, and the daintily manicured fingers of an old-time Canadian typewriter girl! I was just thinking of pretty, scented, Flossie Keys in our old office in the C.P.R. building, when I heard a voice that was certainly not Flossie's, calling out—"Private Blighty."

I became aware that a sergeant at the table was looking my way. (How many sergeants have looked at me and how few have ever looked pleased.) I feebly admitted my identity, as I had done at six previous hospitals, and made the usual personal and vital confessions.

But suddenly an unexpected question flashed out, "What is your occupation?" I wasn't quite as flustered as the 79th Jock, who when graciously asked that question by Sir Sam on an inspection, responded, "I'm a Protestant, Sir." But just for a moment I was taken back. I had been doing nothing for so long in hospitals, and doing everything for so long before in Sam Hughes' Army, that it took several seconds to get my experiences traced back far enough to answer reminiscently—as Flossie's image recurred to mind—"Bookkeeper, I believe." Yes, there was once upon a time when I wore a crease instead of creases in my trousers, and filled ledgers instead of sandbags.

I was just thinking of my last row with the boss, when it was forced on my notice that my party had again got in motion, and was once more "following the sergeant." Only that sergeant knows

what steps we descended, and what stairs we climbed, what passages we traversed, and what doors we passed through. Compared to that intricate journey a night trip up the Zillebeke communication trenches was quite a simple affair.

When I recovered my sense of spacial relations I found myself confronted by the towering shelves of the Hospital Linen Store. Ah! those blues again! I no sooner begin to feel myself reinstated soldier and to become complacently accustomed to my gold stripe, than I have this recurring red, white and blue loan thrust upon me. I am loyal to the old flag, I consider, but khaki is so much more pleasing to the eyesight—and the thirst.

After signing another sheet, which will doubtless serve to condemn me later, and limping up and along all the remaining stairways and hallways of this a-mazing building, I was brought up before a bed whose geometrical planes and angles I knew I should never be able to reproduce in the morning. I had the bed number formally conferred upon me, and, gloomily pulling on a short legged pair of blue trousers and a long sleeved jacket of a somewhat more faded shade of blue, I threw myself upon my new bed, hoping to forget the hospital world and its hospitality.

Ah! No peace for the patient! Once more I heard a sergeant's voice at my side:

"Get up there! You are not allowed to lie on your bed during the day."

*

*

*

I am feeling somewhat better now after a hearty sardine supper. And at the table I met a fellow from my battalion who told me I should like the Granville when I got used to it. I am hoping it won't take too long.

Yours patiently, BLUE STREAK.

Some Moments We Look Forward To.

Out turn to be invited to "waltz in" to the Examining Board Room.

"Coronation Day," when we receive our double crown.

When we'll find it raining like the deuce at 6.30 a.m.

When the O.C. has finished his "personal inquiries" on Inspection Day.

The last expiring moments of the "Blues."

The hour she promised to meet us on the Prom.

When the Gym Sgt. calls "Class hand in your tickets now"

When we get back with ours, and get ours back at Fritz—down on the Somme.

When Kaiser Bill himself will shout "Kamerad!"

"Après la Guerre finit."

Granville Canadian Rifle Club.



Top Row : Sapper Bailey (C. E.); Sgt. Buckley (16th Bn.); Lieut. Cummings (C. E.); Capt. Thomas (7th Bn.); Pte Smith (1st C. M. R.); Pte. Arnold (7th Bn.)

Bottom Row : Pte Musgrave (3rd Bn.); Sgt. Hye, (2nd Bn.); Pte LeNourey (18th Bn.); Pte. Ballandine (18th Bn.); Pte. McQueen (19th Bn.)

A FINE RECORD.

Since April when the Rifle Club was reorganised under Capt. Thomas and Pte. Smith, the Club has established a remarkable record. Out of 29 matches fired, the Granville marksmen have won 24, drawn 1, and lost 4. The scores so far, for October matches have been as follows.

October, 5 Birchington V. T. C. — 745, Granville,—749

" 19 H. M. Torpedo Boat 15 — 509, Granville,—540

Three matches are scheduled for next week.

LT.-COL. WATT CUP COMPETITION.

The next monthly shoot-off for the Col. Watt Cup will be fired on October 30th. This is open to Hospital Teams of five men each. The Cup has been held for the last five months by the Fourth Floor team, and it is time that one of the other teams got their name up. A medal is also offered for the highest individual score.

To My Bed.

O trestled truss of "squared-up" whiteness,
Thou art my comfort and my blight !
Complacently I cherish thee,
Throughout the search-lit, raided night ;
Reluctantly do I abandon thee,
When harsh reveillé rudely rouses me.

Thy baffling clothes I wrestle with,
To tuck and double, turn and thump,
That no "unregulated" fold,
No sagging hollow, careless lump,
Unhappily should chance to horrify
The scrutinising sergeant-warden's eye.

Upon that stern, inspectional morn
I stood by *thee*, O my bedstead !
But when the critic moment came,
Thou stoodest *me* in sorry stead.
"Here, this man's bed is not rectangular !
Three days' blues may make him more particular".

Yes, thou, O bed, art more than I
Who only serve to bear thy number.
Thy rigid surface may not be
Disturbed by any daytime slumber.
But when I get alone with thee at night,
My troubles all pass, heedless, out of sight.

PSMITH.

Blighty, and How to Work it.

A soldier of one of our most esteemed divisions had an unusual desire to return to Blighty, sweet Blighty. For awhile he was at a loss to know how to work it. At last fortune favoured him. He happened to be passing a forward dressing station after a recent gas attack, and, not feeling well, he stepped inside. Looking round he notice a man in the corner on a stretcher; on reading his label he found he was a gas case, but on closer examination found he was dead. So quietly removing the label he placed it on himself and got gently on to the next stretcher. When the M.O. came on the scene and asked him what he was suffering from, he softly wheezed, "Gassed, Sir."

A letter has since been received from this warrior, stating he is enjoying the scenery around Taplow, Bucks, and has no bad effects from his treatment against gas, and has no complaints.

20th. Gazette.

The Canadians at Courcelette.

SEPTEMBER 15th, 1916

Courcelette! red Courcelette!
Canadian sons shall ne'er forget,
Canadian fame shall never set
Upon the field of Courcelette.

From Pozières to Courcelette,
It seemed a road through hell to get,
But through it all they got there yet,
To Courcelette, red Courcelette.

Machine gun, shrapnel, hand grenade,
God! what infernal din they made;
Yet on, still on, their hearts were laid,
On Courcelette, red Courcelette.

Right through the German lines they smash
Their bayonets flash, their Mills bombs crash;
By mine, cross trench, they onward dash,
Determined to win Courcelette.

Canadians there their foes defied;
For Motherland they dared and died.
Canadians' sons shall tell with pride
Of how their sires took Courcelette

Then wreath the laurel, twine the bay,
For these who fought and died that day,
For these who won that bloody fray,
Upon the field of Courcelette.

Oh! tell it by the camp fire glow;
Tell it when lies the winter snow;
Tell it when Western breezes blow;
How Canada stormed Courcelette.

—Written for *Canadian Hospital News* by

JAMES CRAIG HARDING,
Bideford, N. Devon.

The Padre's Page.

To the Patients in the Granville, Chatham House and Townley Castle.

My Dear Lads :

It is quite impossible for me to see much of you, individually, from week to week, but I want every man to know that he can see me any time he chooses, or about any matter in which he thinks I may be able to help him, by sending a note to the Enquiry Office, opposite the main entrance in the Granville, addressed to me, and giving his name, number and ward. I will on receiving this gladly hunt him up. Let every man feel assured that in the "Padre" he has a friend, to whom he can talk freely on any matter, sure that his confidence will be kept.

Many times there are things I can do for a man which he cannot well do for himself. And again there are things which are causing great trouble of mind or anxiety, and it often is a relief just to be able to talk them over with one, whose sympathy you are sure of, even if no definite cure for the trouble can be arrived at.

I am not here for the purpose of conducting Church Parade Services and preaching, but rather that every day of every week I may be a friend to the man who needs a friend, and a helper to every man wherever and whenever possible.

Will you, my dear Lads, remember this, and make all possible use of

Your affectionate friend and "Padre".

E. B. HOOPER. C. F.

Granville Breezes

Who was the Chatham House sport who drove up to the gate in a carriage on Pay Day night ?

We presume the R.P. armlet stands for Restrictor of Privileges.

We are never quite sure at the popular 6.30 a.m. parade, whether it's, "Fall out the Officers," or "the cripples," that the S.M. calls out.

In either case the response is generous.

One of our well-known S. M.'s has received private information of a new 'big gun' at the Somme which requires a separate lorry for each projectile, and which has a recoil that sends it right back to the ordnance shop to be rebored.

Is the coat of paint on the New Chatham House marquees meant to imitate grass green, sea green, pea-green, or gangrene ?

Who is the souvenir fiend who pinched the Gallipoli pictures from the autograph album of a heartbroken Massage Sister ?

Granville Theatre.

On Saturday afternoon last, we were specially favored by a visit from the De Barry Concert party of Canterbury. Mr. E. K. De Barry's one-stringed violin solos were the surprise of the afternoon, his masterly rendering of "Softly awakes my heart" from "Samson and Delilah" being enthusiastically encored. As a Comedian, Sapper G. Kendall ranks amongst the best that have appeared on the Granville platform. Miss Maud Brown (soprano) and Miss W. Keen (contralto) each captivated the audience, and the former generously threw handfuls of lovely fresh Roses to the boys in the front seats, as she sang the song with that title. Mr. Andrews, Tenor Soloist of Canterbury Cathedral, was another much appreciated contributor.

Immediately after the concert, tea was served to our visitors, who included Mrs. Henry Williamson of Canterbury, to whose generosity and kindness we were indebted for the afternoon's treat, and the Mayoress of Canterbury.

The Ashford Concert Party made Wednesday evening outstandingly enjoyable. Mr. Beaney, and Miss Ray Shorter's interpretation of the "Love Instinct", and the Photo Studio skit made very "direct hits". The matchless Barcarolle from "Tales of Hoffman", sung in duo by Mr. Sharrack and Miss Andrewartha, and the quartet renderings of the "Right down, Regular, Royal Queen" number from "The Gondoliers," and of "Sweet and Low" were especially appreciated. Capt. Fred. Smith, Canadian Y. M. C. A. Athletic Supervisor accompanied the party, and established himself with his breezy monologues.

"Movies" are now being shown on Friday as well as Tuesdays, and crowded houses are always assured.

Football

GRANVILLE VS. WESTGATE R.N.A.S.

The Naval Airmen turned the tables on the Nuts last Thursday after a well-contested game. With the half-time score 2-0 against the home team, Sergt. Towler terminated a nice piece of play with a neat goal. The visitors vigorously "counter-attacked," and scored twice in quick succession. Granville had the satisfaction, however, of getting the final goal, a pretty contribution from Corpl. Strutton, the new half. Final score, R.N.A.S. 4, Granville 2.

GRANVILLE VS. ASHFORD PERMANENT GUARD.

We regret to have to record that the result of the postponed game with the Ashford Guards was 7-2 in our disfavor. The absence of the reliable Willis at full back, and of the aggressive Brade on the forward line was keenly felt. Ashford has a very strong scoring aggregation.

S. B. WOOD

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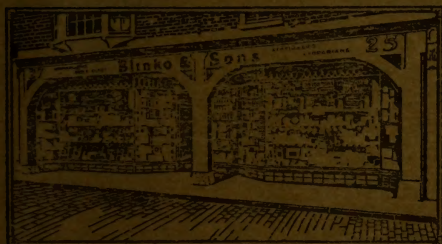
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